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Nelmes
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THE

LAYS OF A WANDERER.

(WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1830 AND 1840.)

BY

T. E. NELMES.

"Now a sailor on ship-board,
Now a soldier with a sword,
Now a tourist——

"——I wandered long;
And framing many a soothing lay,
Beguiled the solitary hours with song."

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DEDICATORY STANZAS,	5
PREAMBLE.	9
BERMUDA,	15
OUR COTTAGE FIRESIDE,	20
CONTENTMENT,	21
SPRING,	22
A SECRET,	23
THE MILK-WHITE PITCHER,	25
IMPROMPTU TO ——,	25
TO AN UNFORTUNATE POET,	26
SONG OF THE BAHAMA SALT-RAKERS,	28
ON LEAVING GRAND CAY, T. I.,	30
EPISTLE TO MISS N——,	31
TO AN U. S. SHIP OF WAR,	36
MOUNT VERNON,	36
A SEA SONG,	38
BRITAIN,	39
SHAKSPERIAN ASSOCIATIONS,	40
THE LAUREAT,	42
THE TWO SHIPS,	43
FAME,	45
A LONE GRAVE,	46
THE STORM,	48
ON VISITING BURNS' COTTAGE,	50
WAR THOUGHTS,	52
TO IANTHE,	53

PAGE
FUNERAL OF A LIGHT-DRAGOON, - - - - - - 54
ASSEVERATIONS, - - - - - - - - - - 55
ALVARDO, - - - - - - - - - - - 56
LOVE ON A BATTLE-FIELD, - - - - - - - 57
CATHALINA, - - - - - - - - - - - 59
SOLDIERS' ANTICIPATIONS, - - - - - - - 61
A PLAINT, - - - - - - - - - - - 63
A MODEST REQUEST, - - - - - - - - - 65
THE MILKMAID OF HERNANI, - - - - - - - 69
THE CAPTURE OF IRUN, - - - - - - - - 74
FAREWELL TO SPAIN, - - - - - - - - - 79
A QUIET MOMENT, - - - - - - - - - - 82
VALEDICTION OF THE 1st LANCERS, - - - - - - 83
THE DEMON-MAN, - - - - - - - - - - 85
BRITAIN'S SONS AND BRITAIN'S DAUGHTERS, - - - - 90
THE MINSTREL, - - - - - - - - - - 91
IMPROMPTU, - - - - - - - - - - - 93
CURIOSITY PUNISHED, - - - - - - - - - 93
THE CUCKOO, - - - - - - - - - - - 99
THE WANDERER'S HYMN, - - - - - - - - - 101
SCOTLAND, - - - - - - - - - - - 104
ALIE O' THE CLYDE, - - - - - - - - - 106
HOMEWARD BOUND, - - - - - - - - - 108
LINES WRITTEN IN A CALM, - - - - - - - 110
"LAND HO!" - - - - - - - - - - - 111
L'ENVOI, - - - - - - - - - - - 113
NOTES, - - - - - - - - - - - 115

DEDICATORY STANZAS.

O woman! whereso'er I 've strayed,—
On either side the scorching line,
Within the tropics, or beyond,
Where winters rage, or summers shine—
Whatever land I 've wandered through,
I still have found you kind and true.

O'er all earth's vast and varied scenes
One lovely charm, like heaven, expands—
That spark celestial in your breast
Assimilates all peopled lands:
This proved I by the Ebro's tide,
By Mississippi, Thames and Clyde.

When many an ill my path beset,
When weary, sad and faint indeed;
Or when some cheering prospect shone,
Still woman was a friend in need;

With eye to mark and heart to feel,
To sympathize in woe or weal.

And since the ease of home I sought,
Your love my hours has blissful made;
Though now, alas! I sadly feel
How ill your smiles are oft repaid:
But you were only good in part
Without your fond, forgiving heart.

O! there was one, a gentle one,
Kindest of all and most beloved;
A chooser of that "better part"
Which Mary chose, and Heaven approved;
But when most dear, almost a bride,
She slept her latest sleep!—not died—

Slept, to awake amid the strains
Which the redeemed in Heaven impart;
To join their songs and realize
The promise to the "pure in heart."
Yet oft as memory tolls her knell
'Tis hard to utter, "It is well!"

Alike sincere in word and deed,
Judicious in her praise or blame,
She would have been a charm to urge
Ambition for a nobler fame.
O, may I yet indite on earth
Some fair memorial of her worth!

I know not if a sainted one,
  A dweller in immortal bliss,
May ever cast a glance below
  On mortal doings, frail as this;
If so these songs her interest wake
Though only for their author's sake.

O WOMAN! deign to read my Lays,
  Penned not 'neath academic bowers,
But oft amid tumultuous scenes,
  Oft to beguile lone dreary hours;
And I will ever more rejoice
O'er all that won my minstrel voice.

Though every effort of my Muse
  Beside, should meet the world's disdain,
O, may this tribute of a heart
  Sincere and grateful, favor gain!
May WOMAN'S NAME prevail to save
This record from Oblivion's wave!

PREAMBLE.

When life was new, and love was strong,
  Love for the beautiful and true—
My spirit's aliment was song,
  And with my growth the passion grew.
The stars, which seemed my gaze to meet,
I worshiped in that language sweet,
And the mild azure of the day
Smiled lovingly upon my lay.

When lovely Spring adorned the plain,
  And breathed upon the garden bower,
I lingered 'mid her beauteous train,
  And wooed the ear of every flower.
The joyous stream meandering by
  To greet the ocean with a kiss, (1)
Scorned not my artless minstrelsy,
  And paid my simple praise with bliss.
And *her* I loved to sing, whose smile
  Enchained my heart, but freed my tongue,
And still can many a care beguile,
  Delightful woman!—her I sung.

While others thumbed the schoolman's book,
  More wise or fortunate than I,
My heart was like the sunny brook,
  Intent on love, and song, and joy:
I sang—it was my spirit's food—
Only the beautiful and good.

Sweet was the task, and sweet the pay
That ever crowned my simple lay;
Each self-rewarding effort taught
To shine another gem of thought;
And still my memory holds them dear
Because my worship was sincere:
But when from Nature's smile I turned,
Fancy and not affection burned.

Thus is there more to soothe the breast,
  When glides the gentle stream along,
By shine and shade alternate blest,
  And purling forth its virgin song,
Than when we find that freeborn wave
  We lately loved, and loved so well,
Shorn of the charms which Nature gave,
  And doomed the slave of Art to dwell.

O themes of innocence and peace!
Why did my fond allegiance cease?
O scenes of conflict and of death!
Why did ye win my tuneful breath?

I traversed Ocean's foam, and prest
  Strange lands where discords dire were rife;
Charmed by the wayward world's unrest,
  I launched upon its tide of strife,
And witnessed scenes on field and flood
Enough to freeze less ardent blood,
  And drive one back to peaceful life.

My simple muse selected thence
What seemed the minor incidents;
Till step by step, lured on, beguiled,
She seized the thrilling and the wild.
Sweet smiling vales, and sparkling streams,
Once the inspirers of my dreams,
And woodland birds and bowers became
Subjects too puerile and too tame.

I sang of storms that shake the pole,
And storms of passion in the soul,
And conjured spectres from the glen
That they might haunt the homes of men,
Till my own hair stood up, and crept
My flesh, so was my fancy rapt.
The dubious glory of the fight
Became my high, supreme delight;
I loved to harness steeds of war,
And bind them to their crimson car;
And as they rushed on flaming heels
And onward flew the smoking wheels,

I saw the battle's lightnings shine,
And heard its thunders in each line.
I praised the valiant, not to gain
Their favor, for I sang the slain;
Or chose the lowliest of the crowd
To be my heroes—not the proud.
And every toil my frame that prest,
And every woe that chafed my breast
I sang for my own lullaby,
Still wandering on—the Muse and I.

Thus past full many a year with me—
  A fancied pleasure paid my pains—
While others, wiser it may be,
  Were gathering more substantial gains:
Our ears were won by different chimes,
They jingled gold, I—only rhymes.

I knew I could not sing like those
  Whose numbers charmed by earlier time;
Yet felt my breathings were not *prose*
  Just measured by the laws of rhyme;
So to my bosom pressed my joys, [3]
As parents do their weakly boys.

Who does not know that he who wooes
The favor of the blue-eyed Muse,
Holding her smile his dearest pelf,
Is deemed full oft an idle elf,

And scorned as such, e'en though the while
His verse may prompt a tear or smile?
I sang for my own listening ear,
Or rarely that the crowd may hear;
And when they heard I sought not fame,
Unuttered was the minstrel's name, (4)
I feared the world would never find
An image pleasing to its mind,
Or, if it did, 'twould scarcely own
That there was merit in my tone;
So rather than I'd risk its sneer,
Or worse, its apathetic leer,
Sent nameless forth my scraps of song
As waifs, before the busy throng,
That whether obloquy or praise
Attended my unfathered lays,
Their author, all unknown, may blend
Among his fellows as a friend.
—But now grown bolder with my years,
Unto the winds I fling my fears.

I knew the world too well to place
My hopes upon its doubtful grace;
So as no hope has e'er been vain,
It leaves me nothing to complain.
The world is therefore bright to me
As when I launched upon its sea;
But whether it will brighter bloom
For me, or yet repulsive loom,

This special voyage on its tide
For good or ill will soon decide.
O for soft gales to waft along
My "crescent boat," with freight of song!
O for kind hands and hearts and eyes
Which will not scorn my merchandise!
That from my varied stock on hand
I yet may worthier fabrics send.

Yes, should I send my bark once more,
It shall be with a goodlier store;
Things that shall better please the throng
Unless my judgment leads me wrong.
There shall be shown each Crimean fight,
Where Russia bowed to Britain's might;
Old legends gleaned in many a clime;
Traditions mossy grown by time;
With tales of later date than these,
Wrought out of curious fantasies.
There shall be shells from Ocean's marge,
Soft-sounding shells, both small and large;
And leaflets green and fresh-blown flowers
Plucked from our own sweet island bowers.
—All these in many a fair vignette
Before the public eye I 'll set;
And far less frequent then shall be
The egotistic *I* and *me*.

WARWICK, *Bermuda*, May, 1856.

LAYS OF A WANDERER.

BERMUDA.

BERMUDA, ocean-girt, romantic Isle,
Fragrant of health and bright as beauty's smile,
Held to my heart the dearest spot on earth
By childhood's memories and the tie of birth—
Bermuda, with thy name and in thy praise
My native Isle, begin my earliest lays; [1]
And though the Muse's art grace not my lyre,
Affection prompts them, and shall truth inspire.

A wide expanse of Ocean—or by storms
Sore vexed, when billows ever-changing forms
Toss their white crests in ruthless war and rave
In mockery, o'er many a seaman's grave;
Or gently fanned, when happy wavelets glide
And kiss in playfulness the vessel's side—

A wide expanse of Ocean lies between
The coral reefs that guard thy shores of green
And this productive land, the honest pride
Of old St. Lawrence, where I now reside. [3]
And thrice has Spring, whose soft delicious gales
Unceasing fan thy hills and flowery vales,
Her annual visit paid to this fine Isle
Where icy winter reigns too long awhile,
And with her wand unbound the fettered stream,
Bidding it go rejoicing in her beam,
Calling to welcome greetings timid flowers,
And vocalizing all the groves and bowers;
And far I 've wandered other lands to view
Since last I waved to thee a sad "Adieu!"—
Where loyal songs the staunch Acadians sing;
Where Freedom vaunts beneath the Eagle's wing;
Where the rude wreckers of Nassau repair
To save or steal the cargoes stranded there;
(Pleased with a sojourn 'mid such curious wilds,
I would revisit those Bahamian Isles)
Where fruits and flowers at once on the same trees
Mingle their odors and perfume the breeze,
And 'neath the tamarind's shade, or by the wave,
The Carib's ashes find a peaceful grave.

But neither time nor distance shall efface
From my heart's tablet thy deep graven trace,
Nor shall the charms in other lands that shine
Diminish aught my preference for thine;
For memory from each brief diversion flies
In the direction where the magnet lies,

Then do we sing or list the social song,
  Or in the modest game perchance engage;
Or some light task employs the happy throng,
  As one aloud reads some instructive page.
No happier evenings in the halls of pride
Are spent, than those about our own fireside.

CONTENTMENT.

There is a treasure all should crave,
  More worthy of the search than gold,
And those who may this treasure have
  Find half their wealth may not be told.
It springs not from the Indian mine,
  Nor from Peruvia's riven breast,
'Tis not among the gems that shine
  In splendor on the regal vest.

Beneath no sunny wave it lies
  That laves the Oriental strand;
No glittering shell conceals the prize
  Or yields it to the diver's hand.
'Tis not to decorate the crest
  Displayed admiring eyes to win;
'Tis not to dazzle *on* the breast,
  But lend its holy ray *within*.

Contentment! I have learned to prize
  Thy virgin treasure in my soul,
For no untoward cravings rise
  Where thou assertest mild control.
Thou kindlest smiles within the cot,
  And peace is where thou dost reside,
Then rather let me bless my lot,
  Than sigh to tread in halls of pride.

SPRING.

Ye gentle nymphs and merry swains,
  Who far removed from city strife,
Amid your native rural scenes
  Toil, and enjoy the sweets of life—
Say, do your bosoms feel a thrill
  Of joy, as Spring each day draws nigher,
Or love ye best the social song
  And tale around the Winter fire?

Methinks, sweet maid, whilst with thy cheek
  The rosy morning vies in vain,
These words escape thy ruby lip,
  Approving every nymph and swain—
"We love the liberated rill,
  Its verdant banks and smiling flowers,
We love to tend the winsome lambs,
  And wreathe the vines for Summer bowers.

"We love to hear the Spring bird's voice,
And breathe the sweetness of the morn,
And when our daily task is done,
To dance upon the mantled lawn."
—Behold thy choice—the morn no more
Salutes us with its snowy face
And frosty breath, but softer airs
And leaflets green supply their place.

The grove will now resume its notes,
And Flora's hand adorn the mould,
While whistling Harry sows his seed
And muses on his hundred fold.
Welcome sweet Spring! for in thy train
Nature is smiling, hearts are gay;
Ye nymphs and swains the garland weave,
Aminta shall be Queen of May.

A SECRET.

I 've hidden long a secret, Jane,
Within my bosom's deep recess—
I 'll tell it, since we've met again,
If you will keep it—will you? "Yes—
That is, as long as prudence lets—"
And will you trust me in return?
"Why confidence its like begets,
I will—but dear me! I have none."

Well—if you 've nothing to relate
  In turn for what I 'm going to show,
You won't withhold at any rate
  Your counsel as a friend? "O, no!"
Enough—there is a certain girl
  I dearly love—"and her alone?"
The only one—the gem, the pearl
  I 'd give the world to call my own.

Her eyes are of cerulean blue,
  Her lips like Cupid's half-bent bow,
Her ringlets are of auburn hue,
  In stature—but you know her? "*Know?*"
In stature she 's as like you too—
  Her gentle mind has charms the same;
She 's taken every day for you—
  Now *really*, can't you guess her name?

"I promised not, you know, to *guess*—"
  (This novel mode, I fear, is vain,)
And yet you can—now can't you? "Y-e-s."
  You know I mean you, dearest Jane.
Now counsel me, beloved one,
  Must I bid every hope adieu,
Or faithfully love on? "L-o-v-e on!"
  Dear Jane, you *had* a secret too!

THE MILK-WHITE PITCHER.

"Quick and feverish beat my pulses,
  I will haste to yonder stream
Where the maple's leafy awning
  Shutteth out the solar beam.
Bending o'er its bank of verdure,
  I will sip the cooling wave,
And my hot and throbbing temples
  In the liquid crystal lave."
Saying thus, the way I took
Leading to a neighboring brook.

Like a naiad, lovely Anna
  Came with milk-white pitcher there;
In a moment ceased my ailing
  As I flew to help the fair.
Thither now I daily wander,
  Not because my temples smart;
But to ease a fiercer aching
  That has strangely seized my heart.
Nothing soothes it till I drink
From that milk-white pitcher's brink.

IMPROMPTU TO——

With sails unfurled and pennons waving free,
The gallant bark waits, lovely one, for thee,
To bear thee hence from our adoring eyes
To thy true home, and its superior joys;

Yet would our selfish hearts retain thee here,
Best of the good, and fairest of the fair.

Not thine that beauty which makes others seem
To pale away in its transcendent beam;
Thy smile and accents happiness impart,
Thy goodness kindling love in every heart;
Thus every form and every smiling face
Seem to reflect thy sweetness and thy grace.

We 'll seek no longer as in happier hours
The mossy bank, the grove, the fragrant bowers;
Thy voice not heard, not seen thy graceful form,
Each fair retreat will then have lost its charm.
—When thy loved presence other hearts shall cheer,
Forget not those that mourn thy absence here.

TO AN UNFORTUNATE POET.

Lover of song! a moment stray
From Virgil's numbers, Homer's lay,
Or whose soever lofty page
May now thy glowing soul engage:
Or, happily for those who fain
Would list thy tuneful lyre again,
Should thy own graceful muse be there,
Breathing sweet accents in thy ear,

Lover of song, one moment turn
  From such rich sources of delight,
And scan the artless rhymes of one
  Whom friendliest motives prompt to write:
Thy muse will then seem more divine,
As thou contrastest her with mine.

Oft as thy true platonic strain
Thou singest, I am held amain—
Still listening in a rapturous dream,
I bless the sweet Castalian stream.
Such moral precept it conveys,
That youth should study from thy lays,
While the sad *bane* thou mourn'st so much
Should warn them to beware of such.

Alas! that Nature's gifted ones—
Alas! that Poesy's own sons
Who know the secret way to find
Admittance to the human mind,
There to impart in pleasing guise
Lessons to make man good and wise,
And may "an earthly guest repair
To heaven, and breathe empyreal air"—
Alas! that such should e'er be viewed
Beneath their birth-right altitude;
That one such intellectual soul
Should stoop to quaff the maddening bowl!

I sorrow with thee in thy song,
Sweet philomela of the throng;

Yet joy thy bold resolve to scan,
To seek the path of peace again.
Then start as from another birth,
Spurn the debasing things of earth,
And let each day reveal thy worth.
Thou wilt not lack a helping hand,
Thou wilt not lack a cheering friend,
For every heart will feel a thrill
Of happiness to meet thee still.
Thy muse shall mount on full-fledged wings,
And fame shall spread the notes she sings,
And heaven will aid thee, and its smile
Illume thy onward course the while.
Oh! pray for strength, pursue thy plan,
And be again a man—A MAN.

SONG OF THE BAHAMA SALT RAKERS.

CHORUS. Hail glowing sky!
Hail blazing sun!
Hail gentle breeze!
Welcome each one!

Our pans we filled to the brim,
From the rich Salina's spring;
Our wealth in solution 's held
In those aqueous fields—we sing
CH. Hail glowing sky, &c.

For ye are the agents good
  Which give us a merry heart,
As ye bear the worthless off,
  And leave us the precious part.
CH. Hail glowing sky, &c.

O keep the light vapors safe
  Up in your airy domain,
Or return them not to us
  In the shape of "wasting rain."
CH. Hail glowing sky, &c.

Should a cloud appear above,
  Our faces would elongate,
Lest the crystals nicely formed
  May return to liquid state.
CH. Hail glowing sky, &c.

We 'll drink from the muddy moat
  Where the fainting heifer lows,
Or we 'll bear a thirsty throat
  Till our salt we "rake and house."
CH. Hail glowing sky, &c.

Then may the vapors condense
  And fall in refreshing rain,
Till our tanks and casks run o'er—
  Then we'll fill our pans *again.*
CH. Hail glowing sky, &c.

ON LEAVING GRAND CAY, T. I.

Adieu, little Island,
  Thou land of bright summer,
Thou small spot of dryland
  Mid ocean the foamer.
As meeting was gladness,
  So parting is sorrow;
I leave thee in sadness
  At dawn of the morrow.

For old friends and true ones
  I met on arriving,
And every day new ones
  No less appeared striving
By kindnesses paying
  To make the young ranger
Forget in his staying,
  That he was a stranger.

'Twas sweet in heart-lightness
  To stray by the ocean
Along the sand's whiteness,
  And mark its commotion;
While Luna, bright beaming
  On everything under,
Turned salt-grains, in seeming,
  To gems from Golconda.

I'll mind thee, kind Island,
  My kinsfolk and others,
Thy daughters, their smile and
  My sports with their brothers—
In memory caress thee,
  Just like a fond lover,
And one heart shall bless thee—
  The heart of the Rover.

EPISTLE TO MISS N——.

(FROM NEW YORK.)

WILT thou, dear Susan, take with eager hands
These rhymes descriptive which affection sends,
That thy fond spirit may enjoy at home
A portion of my pleasures while I roam?
Haply should evils gird, and sighs oppress,
I may not trespass on thy tenderness;
Be 't his to bear them who can bear them best,
And thine to be with every blessing blest!
"Welcome!" methinks I hear thee sweetly say,
"O, ever welcome is my brother's lay!"
Then let me ply my task, with willing pen,
To show the scenes thine eye would love to scan,
And which had seemed still lovelier to my view
Hadst thou been present to enjoy them too.

The tedious voyage from Nova Scotia's shore
And ocean's perils happily were o'er,
But as our vessel reached Long Island Sound
The breeze retired, and evening closed around—
Yet hoped we ere the morrow's sun should rest,
To view this noblest city of the West.

Soon as Aurora's smile illumed the East
I sought the deck, on morning's wealth to feast,
To fill my lungs with fresher, purer air,
Than the close cabin furnished for their fare;
To view the landscape through the twilight gray
As the soft web dissolved in light away,
Till the bright beams of Phœbus should be hurled
To gild and glorify the awakened world.
Calm was the morning, not a breath around
Rippled the surface of the tranquil Sound,
Not a vibration trembled through the air,
The spirit of quiet reigned serenely there.

Soon came the sun in his effulgent pride,
A bridegroom smiling on the earth his bride;
The myriad dew-drops gleaming everywhere
Were the rich jewels that adorned her hair;
More brightly bloomed the garlands that she wore—
She lovelier in her blushes than before.
Zephyr, ere long, that all the night had slept
On bed of violets, where a brooklet crept,
Finding the world awake, with startled view
Deemed it expedient to be moving too;

Bathing an instant in that fragrant spring
Softly he rose, unfurled his azure wing,
And sought our bark, whose long-expectant sail
Soon yielded sweetly to the soft-breathed gale.
So slowly, stealthily we skimmed the deep
As scarce to mar the quiet of its sleep;
Thus had we time each object fair to view
As fast the sun on all his splendor threw.
On either side the land was smiling fair,
There old Connecticut, Long Island here—
But when the breeze with stronger pinion bore
Our vessel onward to the island shore,
What varied beauty formed each lovely view!
The banks bestrewed with flowers of every hue;
The drooping willow, bending o'er the tide,
Almost to touch our glancing vessel's side;
The stately poplar and the sloping green
Adding their graces to improve the scene;
Deep indentations forming quiet coves,
Seeking the umbrage of o'erhanging groves—
Sweet spots, where saints and poets may repair
To muse on themes unto their souls most dear.
From winsome birds gushed forth the matin song,
And snow-white lambs skipped through the flowers
along;
Fruit-laden trees displayed their tempting wealth,
And the fresh air was redolent of health;
Smiled down on all the blue and loving skies,
And yet the scene was short of Paradise—
A breath, and lo! the shepherd and his wife
Made up the picture to the very life.

It was an instant of aspiring flame,
A thrill of bliss vibrated through my frame;
I might have flown like an aërial being,
But for my sins, without material wing.

Where'er I turned some new delight was near
To win the eye, or charm the listening ear—
Some rich revealment of the winding strand,
Or music wafted o'er those waters bland.

On yonder eminence, with lordly mien,
The rich man's villa dignified the scene—
Yet haply not with ostentatious air
It gazed around, on objects not so fair;
Perhaps yon mansion on the rising ground
Dispensed its blessings on the poor around.

Scattered around us little islets lay,
Forming a beauteous labyrinthean way,
Scarce larger than the deck on which we trod,
Yet Flora's hand had graced each pigmy sod.

The eye might mark a hundred vessels gay
All gliding sweetly on their liquid way,
Some bound, I ween, across the ocean foam
From shore to shore, and clime to clime, to roam;
Others like fairies, on the rippling tide,
Seemed formed alone upon its breast to glide:
While here and there a splendid steamer shot
Across our vision toward some pic-nic spot,

Freighted with youthful pleasure-seeking wights,
And their full store of edible delights.
And when the sun had gained meridian height
Darting his rays intensely fierce and bright,
'Twas sweet upon some verdant bank to see
Beneath the umbrage of a spreading tree
The happy faces that had gathered round
To pass the noontide on the shady ground.
O! how it brought to mind those by-gone hours,
When oft with you I sought the summer bowers,
And there, reclining, read the gentle page
Of some sweet poet, or good-tempered sage.
Methought I too with readiness could trace
The heart's emotions, in each smiling face,
Detect the youth who long had loved, and there
The maid whose smile occasioned no despair.
And from that throng of happy nymphs and swains
My ears were charmed with most melodious strains—
Fondly I listened, as our vessel past,
Long as a note was wafted by the blast.

Believe the word—at times to me they seemed
The real scenes of which I oft had dreamed,
When after tales of peris and of bowers,
Of fragrant fountains and undying flowers,
My unslept faculties had borne me on
Through all the charms of dream-land, till the morn.

One moment longer—when thou shalt peruse
These rhymes descriptive, of my humble muse,

—The morn was lovely, Nature's face was bland,
The air sweet scented with the wild hedge rose,
When Pilgrim-like, I took my staff in hand,
And sought on foot the hallowed shades, e'en those
Where Washington's loved ashes safe repose.

As my eye rested on the scenes around,
Methought each spake with eloquence to me—
I trod with reverence on the sacred ground,
Deeming myself unworthy there to be.
Nought broke the silence of the hour profound
Save the sweet birds, safe resting on the spray,
Whose matin hymn was no unseemly sound,
As they in chorus hailed the orb of day:
And thus I musèd where the Hero lay—

Shades of Mount Vernon! here beneath ye rest
The honored ashes of a man, enshrined,
Who every virtue under heaven possest
With scarce a weakness common to mankind;
While all those qualities we hold as great
Combined to elevate his master-mind:
Thus was he fitted for the helm of State,
And hence when Freedom struggled she could find
A Chief whom Heaven for the great work designed.

The vanquished foe found mercy when he spoke;
For e'en though conquering in a righteous cause,
Still mercy kept her seat—he never broke
Save in emergency her sacred laws.

He freed his country from Oppression's yoke,
Like Cincinnatus: loaded with renown,
He chose the umbrage of the rural Oak;
Here sought retirement, and resigned a crown,
In social happiness the cares of State to drown.

Great, Free America! your chieftan lies
Tranquilly sleeping 'neath this hallowed shade;
E'en now methinks some spirit of the skies
Is keeping vigil where his dust is laid.
"Remove it not!" methinks that spirit sighs,
"But side by side, still let him slumber on
With the dear partner of his bosom's joys—
Raise where ye will the monumental stone;
But take not from these shades their WASHINGTON!"

A SEA SONG.

CHORUS.—Sweetly blows the gale
Filling every sail—
Sailor s' hearts have cheer
When the breeze blows fair.

Gaily glides our bark
Along the ocean's swelling breast,
Hasting like a bird
That seeks at eve its distant nest.
CHORUS.—Sweetly blows the gale, &c.

Loving ones at home,
Though sailors wander far and wide,
Still their hearts are true,
And dwell on you with love and pride.
CHORUS.—Sweetly blows the gale, &c.

When the weather 's fine,
Our thoughts turn homeward, singing thus,—
When the tempest howls
Full well we know ye pray for us.
CHORUS.—Sweetly blows the gale, &c.

BRITAIN.

BRITANNIA, proud nurse of the free and the brave,
I hail thee with rapture, while yet on the wave;
For my heart and my eye are made glad by thy smiles,
Thou queen of the ocean, and glory of isles.
Thy robe is a vesture of virtue and truth;
The wisdom of age and the vigor of youth
Are a wreath to encircle thy glorified brow,
And Britain to none but Jehovah may bow.
The empires of Eld, when compared with thy own,
What were they?—thou girdest the earth with a zone,
For the sun as he marches unceasingly sees
Some land where thy banner floats free on the breeze.

The nations around thee look up and admire
Thy greatness to which they so vainly aspire;
While jealousy rankles, and envy grows pale
At the march of thy arms, and the spread of thy sail.
Fair Britain! a stranger, I come to thy strand
To view thy sweet hamlets and palaces grand,
Thy ivy-crowned ruins, and scenes which belong
To the brave days of yore, or are hallowed by song.
My heart is all glowing, impatient to love
The land that is noblest, most blest from above,
And that shows to the world, both in war and in peace,
The valor of Rome and the genius of Greece.

SHAKSPERIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

A STRANGER strayed along the brink
Where Avon's classic waters gleam—
The while his spirit seemed to drink
As of a new Castalian stream.
"Write," saith his spirit soaring, "write,
Reveal thy thoughts in transcript fair;"
Alas! his pen of feeble flight,
Clings to its native mundane sphere.
In musings rapt the stranger strayed,
Lured by associations sweet,
Till presently he sought the shade
That wooed him to its cool retreat.

He thought how oft in boyhood's day
  The future "Bard of Avon" came
Along that willowy bank to stray,
  Unconscious of his deathless name—
Not dreaming that himself should give
  That stream, far as its windings go,
A fame which cannot cease to live,
  E'en should its waters cease to flow.
Yet doubtless then his youthful mind
  Took cognizance of all around;
And Nature's teachings true and kind
  There a repository found.
An ancient house in Stratford stands,
  To which the great and good have gone
To pay their homage, from all lands,
  For Shakspeare in that house was born.
Its hallowed floor the stranger prest,
  While reverence due his soul employed,
And strange emotions swelled his breast
  Like happy dreams, vague, yet enjoyed.
Such names as earth is proud to claim
  Its well marked inner walls declare—
Peers, princes, poets known to fame
  Attest that they were pilgrims here:
Besides unnumbered names unknown
  Beyond their native hamlet's earth;
With these the stranger placed his own
  And named the island of his birth—
"Bermoothes,"—of the "Tempest" wild—
  Where Ariel, with his gentle strain,

And sweet Miranda, artless child!
  Sprang from the Bard's creative brain.
The stranger trod the churchyard way,
  And in the ancient chancel read
This safeguard of the Poet's clay,
  This malediction from the dead:—

  Good Friend for Iesus SAKE forbeare
  To digg T-E Dust EncloAsed HERe
  Blese be T-E Man $\frac{T}{Y}$ spares ThEs stones
  And curst be He $\frac{T}{Y}$ moves my Bones.

THE LAUREAT.

I 've been to-day at Greta Hall,—
  The Laureat's—to the Muses sacred;
By genius, learning, more than all,
  By worth and virtue consecrated.

Nor will I deem it a small thing
  That I, a rhymer, found such grace
In him, that honored poet-being,
  And talked with Southey, face to face.

O, I have many a pleasure shared,
  Yet more than this I prize not any,
And joy's reverses I have had,
  But that compensates for the many.

And in my recollection true
  I'll fondly bear that glowing pleasure,
Yet hide it not from others' view,
  As misers do inferior treasure.

I reverence genius, virtue, worth,
  Whether in England, Greece or Siam;
While such as boast but wealth and birth
  No homage get from such as I am.

THE TWO SHIPS.

Two ships were sailing on the sea,[1]
Urged by a gallant breeze and free,
  In one of them sailed I;
And she could plough the swelling deep
As fast as any decent ship
  That did not care to fly.

The other was the merest speck
When first we spied her from the deck,
  And she was right astern;
But soon she neared us in the race,
At not an honest vessel's pace,
  As any dunce may learn.

We moved that morning at the rate
Of full nine knots—so wrote the mate—

Yet in a time too short
To name, that bark was on our beam,
Still going like a meteor stream,
Or something of that sort.

I 've heard, and therefore others have,
That oft upon the breezy wave
A "Phantom ship" is seen,
The "Flying Dutchman" is her name —
Now, may this ship have been the same,
Or what could she have been? (2)

Her prow and stern rose high in air,
Which made her bulky hull appear
A crescent on the seas;
Full fifty men were up aloft,
Five hundred crowded fore and aft,
They stood "as thick as peas."

Above her topsails, not a sail
Was spread to catch the pleasant gale;
She might have borne as much,
Had a young hurricane been there
To wanton with her linen gear;
Her colors they were Dutch.

Soon she was out of sight a head,
Though we were crowding every thread;

(We sailed by honest laws.)
I ask again—I've asked it oft—
Might she have been that Phantom craft?
I do not say she *was*.

FAME.

'Twas evening, hour of gentle thoughtfulness,
When the poetic soul delights to drink
Deep in the cup of contemplation, and
All Nature seems in russet mood to muse.

'Twas evening, and the beautiful expanse
Of the Pacific stretched before my gaze,
While the proud Andes ofttimes caught my eye,
For I was straying on Peruvia's shore.

'Tis sweet to stand upon the very spot
Which the soul's longings oft had rested on
In the bright dreamy reveries of youth—
And sweet to say, "this is at last no dream!"

Awhile I mused on deeds of high emprise,
E'en those by gallant Bolivar achieved,
Who cut the fetters of enslaving Spain,
And with his sword gave freedom to Peru.

"Rest, warrior rest!" 'tis all that I may say—
Would I could weave a garland for thy bier!
But an unfading wreath thy fame shall bloom;
Each Freeman's heart thy monument shall be!

* * * * * *

'Tis sweet, perchance, to wear the laurel wreath
When merit wins it for the hero's brow;
And on the grave of honest fame the flowers
Are sweetest incense unto living worth.

But who, whose bosom owns one virtuous spark,
Could gaze upon Pizarro's obelisk,
Scanning his claim to fame, nor say well pleased,
"Rejoice, my soul, thou art not such as he?"

A LONE GRAVE ON THE SEA SHORE.

THERE would a solemn feeling fill your soul
If, in the evening twilight's pensive hour,
Your steps, unconscious, bore you to some spot
Where a fresh grave burst on your lonely view.

Here was a grave, and at its head a cross
Of rough-hewn timber, and in shape as rude,
And from the marks of recent footsteps round
I judged not many suns had shone thereon.

Here lay, perhaps, some luckless balsy-man,
Who, over venturous, launched upon the deep,
On his frail bark formed of inflated hides,
When the waves raged—it burst, and he was
drowned.

Or, peradventure 'twas some hardy tar
Who oft had braved the "battle and the breeze;"
A wave had washed him from the trembling deck,
He drifted here, and so his voyage was o'er.

Or it may be some wayworn traveller
Had fall'n beneath the dark assassin's knife;
Some long pent grudge had urged the hellish deed,
Or thirst for gold had made a man a fiend.

Perhaps some passing villagers had spied
The mangled corpse, or here or on the beach,
And careless of its country or its creed,
Had scooped a grave, and blessed it with the cross.

But it grew late—the dew was falling fast,
The night-birds screached among the crannied rocks;
I turned me from the dead man's solitude,
And left the waves to sing his requiem.

THE STORM.

Say, have ye been on the tropic deep,
Where hurricanes dire their orgies keep
In their fearful months, on a dismal morn
When the sun up rose, of his brightness shorn,
And a fretful swell made your good ship reel,
Though there blew not a breath which your sails
could feel;
And the lightning flashed, and a haze o'ercast
The sky—sad signs of a tempest blast?

Did ye judge aright? Did the storm come down
On its sable wing, with its midnight frown?
Did it roar aloud as the thunder roars?
Did the billows heave with an earthquake's force,
Till your bark was tossed on a mountain crest,
Anon in a deep ravine depressed?
Was your storm-sail rent, and your bark thrown off,
Till she lay on her beams in the hideous trough?
Did ye give your masts to the craving deep,
Your ship to save and your lives to keep?
Was your rudder wrenched from its iron bands,
As a straw is snapped in a giant's hands?
Were your decks all swept, and a comrade brave
Hurled in a breath to his ocean grave?

There was hope till then that the seaman's skill
Would be match for the raging tempest still;
But hope then vanished, and pale despair
Was all that your souls could cherish there,
As your vessel lay like a passive path
For the waves to tread in their march of wrath.
Then groaned your ship in her strongest parts,
As groaned yourselves in your hopeless hearts,
When ye found that the subtile tide in streams
Was rushing in through the yawning seams.
Ye saw not your shipmates, ye heard not their sigh
For the storm-spirit's frown, and the storm-spirit's
cry;
Yet ye knew that the manliest cheek must be wan
When your own firm bosom was wo-begone.
O! to think that the deep opes wide its jaw,
To gulp ye down in its longing maw!
O! to feel that ye soon must be thither borne,
To lie deep down till the judgment morn!

Will ye say that ye did not then implore
The ear that can hear though the tempest roar,
Though ye sneered before, and with scoffers trod
Life's way, who say that there is no God?
I know ye prayed, though ye poorly keep
The vows ye made that night on the deep,
Though ye rarely have one grateful thought
For the rescue then so wondrous wrought:
Yea, though no prayer has since been given,
Ye prayed that night to the God of Heaven!

ON VISITING BURNS' COTTAGE.

A STRANGER weary, sore and sad
From travel long and anxious care,
Has reached to-day, with pilgrim-tread,
The birth-place of the Bard of Ayr.

Each scene connected with thy name,
Immortal Poet! still is dear;
And fain would he a tribute frame. (1)
A brother's—to thy memory here.

Shade of the lofty Bard of Ayr!
Let no indignant ire arise;
Nor start the impious word to hear
Which dares to breathe of kindred ties.

It is not that his half-strung lyre,
The humblest of the tuneful throng,
Bids one presumptuous thought aspire
To claim a brotherhood in song—

He feels that "Man was made to mourn,"
For many a sorrowing hour he sees;
Thus would he prove the kindred borne,
And thus thy angry shade appease.

Didst thou not feel on life's rough sea,
  Though thou all other hearts couldst cheer;
The blasts of chill adversity,
  And many a breasting wave of care?

Yet when around the jovial board
  How would thy social soul expand!
And then thy merry verse secured
  The laugh of many a *drouthy* friend.

—He may not seek the goblet's brim
  To plung his grief within its sphere;
The chalice holds no charm for him—
  Its lethean wave he may not share.

But shall he be the slave of Gloom?
  Away, away desponding thought!
His youth as yet hath all its bloom,
  His breast with worthier things is fraught

The Muse and Fortune yet will join
  To bless him in some coming day,
To clear his brow where wormwoods twine
  And bid him sing a happier lay.

The stranger turns to scenes afar,
  With lighter step and heart more gay;
And Hope shall henceforth be the star
  To guide him on his pilgrim-way.

WAR THOUGHTS.

A Royal Lady's call is heard,
I would step forward at the word;
I would a soldier's sabre gird,
  And aid a righteous cause.
Huzza, huzza! our ship 's unmoored—
Five hundred gallant hearts on board—
O! how I long to draw the sword
  And march unto the wars.

Soon as I reach romantic Spain,
And there my lance and helmet gain,
And firmly grasp my charger's rein
  A young dragoon I'll be— [1]
But when the thrilling word I hear
"Charge, Lancers, on the Rebels near—
An injured lady needs your care,"
  —A knight of Chivalry.

But hark! a voice not heard before
Asks why I 'd draw my fellow's gore,
To make a foreign crown secure
  E'en on the rightful brow?
—'Tis a right question, spirit good;
I did not dream of *death* and *blood*—
Alas! it must be understood
  That I can't mend it now.

TO IANTHE.

Daughter of Biscay! at thy shrine I pay
  The willing tribute of a muse sincere—
Thy loveliness inspires the ardent lay
  A soldier-minstrel offers to thine ear.
Say hast thou read the tale of ancient Troy?
  Or hast thou heard of Helen's fatal charms?
And how inglorious the royal boy
  Neglected Ilion for the fair one's arms?
And know'st thou not that in a few short days,
  The trumpet's voice will call away the brave
To meet the bold insurgents face to face,
  Hispania's rights and liberties to save?
Daughter of Biscay! less divinely sing,
  Hide the bright glances from thine eyes that dart,
Thou knowst not how susceptible a thing
  To Beauty's witchery is a soldier's heart.
Draw the mantilla o'er thy perfect face,
  Forsake thy casement, frown me from thy door,
I would not catch another glowing trace
  Of thy bright image till the battle's o'er.
For wouldst thou have, when sounds the clarion here,
  Him thou hast blest with blandishments awhile
Incur the obloquy which cowards share
  By lingering in the brightness of thy smile?
—Forgive Ianthe! O! forgive the strain,
  Christino maiden, not more fair than brave!
Thy lip and brow express thy proud disdain:
  —Thou scorn'st the homage of a recreant slave
Forgive Ianthe! sing as thou hast done
  Of love and glory, liberty and fame;

Still smile as brightly as the beams which shone
  O'er yonder Pyrenees when morning came.
And when we march, equipped in martial style,
  To meet the Carlists on a field of fire,
Thoughts of thy gladness, and approving smile,
  When victory crowns us—shall my breast inspire.

FUNERAL OF A LIGHT DRAGOON.

(A FRAGMENT.)

He died! and so we bore him on the bier
  To his last billet and snug garrison;
His faithful charger, palled, followed near,
  And bore the arms which he had used alone.
No maiden sword was his, for it had shone
  With envied honor for the fair and free—
The "Dead March" woke the trumpet's solemn tone
And sorrowing comrades followed *three* and *three*,
  With arms reversed—a melancholy train to see.

He'd marched his last! and deep we laid his corse,
  His brother soldiers shedding many a tear;
And by his grave was held his trusty horse—
  The service o'er, three volleys rent the air,
  And the earth closed o'er one once brave and fair.
Homeward we marched to music light and gay
  As though our hearts forgot him once so dear;
But ah! not so—'tis but the soldier's way
Intensest grief to hide, 'neath seeming pleasure's ray.

ASSEVERATIONS.

Sweet as the music of the nightingale,
  When gentle zephyr bears the notes along
Down in the grove, beneath the moonlight pale—
  Sweet as the warbling of the tuneful throng—
  Minstrels of nature—is Ianthe's song.

Sweet as the beauty of the eastern sky
  When fair Aurora wakes the ocean isle,
And nightly star-lamps pale away and die
  Before the eclipsing brilliance of her style—
  Sweet as Aurora's, is Ianthe's smile.

Sweet as the mingled glories of the hour
  When the rich sun gives joyous ecstacies,
And roses loveliest bloom on every bower,
  And liquid gems bespangle all the trees—
  Sweet as the morn, Ianthe's presence is.

ALVARDO.

The Muse enjoys her chief delight
  When merit wakes the lay;
So now she sings a shining *knight*,
  One of the present *day*.
Alvardo is he hight: of course
  He bears the title don—
He spurs an Andalusian horse,
  While "honor pricks *him* on."
Alvardo is the army's flower,
  He in the field *arose*;
He 's *heart's-ease* in his lady's bower,
  A *thorn* to all his foes.

A wag once, when a fight was done,
  This imputation threw—
He vowed he 'd seen Alvardo *run*!
  Yes—*run* a Carlist through.
"Lady, no knight e'er vanquished me;
  This sword its foe defies;
Yet am I forced to yield to the
  Artillery of thine eyes."
Alvardo did those words impart,
  Won by a maiden's charms—
The victress, had a generous heart,
  And he *presented arms*.

Though banquets laud his martial deed,
  And praises swell each breath,
Carmina's smile 's his sweetest *meed*,
  And her *two lips* his wreath.
The bright-eyed girls of glowing Spain
  Adore their starrèd *knights;*
I know not which are of the twain
  The other s' *satellites.*
But this I know, our hero-Don
  Is blest beyond compare;
And may kind Fortune still smile on
  So brave a cavalier!

LOVE ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

WHAT seekest thou, young damsel, here?
No place is this for maiden fair;
I fear me love for some false swain
Hath urged thee to the battle plain.
"Yes, love, sir, for a young dragoon,
Whose heart beats to the self-same tune:
Some bread and fruit I 've brought him here,
For much, I ween, he needs such care."
How wilt thou find this lover true?
"By seeking him, sir, till I do."
Thou 'dst better stay at home and pray
For him, than venture here to-day.

"I did pray for him; but I still
Another duty can fulfill,
And while I bring him this good cheer,
Can just as well pray for him here."
Dost thou not know, my valiant girl,
A ball may sever that dark curl,
Nay, something worse—may pierce thy cheek?
"All vain, sir, I my love must seek."
Suppose he 's wounded in this fray,
Which would be nothing strange to-day?
"O! should he meet the slightest hurt,
Which, may a gracious Heaven avert,
Then, 'tis the very place for me;
But by his side, where should I be?
Where are the lancers? kind sir, say,
Where shall I find him? point the way."
Round yonder knoll thou'lt find his *corps*.
"Adieu! I 'll bless thee ever more."
O! if I thought this world did hold
Another heart of that same mould,
With eager haste I 'd go the round
Till I that sanctuary found,
Then seek with all a soldier's arts
A home within that heart of hearts.

CATHALINE.

Yes, Cathalina, it shall be
As thou hast wished—I promise thee ;
Thy name shall oft to many a friend
Be mentioned in my native land ;
And when to those whom most I love—
Who love me more than I deserve,—
I tell how blest thou made'st my lot
While lodging in thy humble cot,
Their hearts my grateful flame shall share,
And, "blessings on her!" be their prayer ;
And "kind as Cathaline," be heard
A proverb, and a household word.

I 'll tell them that it was thy wont
To take my ration lean and scant,
And make of it a plenteous dish,
And savory as a priest might wish.
O yes! I 'll tell with lips of truth
Thy kindness to the stranger-youth,
Who, less ungentle it may be,
Than some beneath thy roof with me,
And more considerate, too, perchance,
Than those, my brothers of the lance,
Was fortunate to gain the while
Our good patrona's partial smile.

How she would seek, it shall be told,
My crib (for Cathaline is old),
And question as a mother might
My comfort on each wintry night,
And to my horseman's cloak would add
The best and warmest rug she had.
No son has she to love and tend
O'er whom her fondness may expand,
And so her woman's heart must bless
Another's with its tenderness:
Yet all she asks—unselfish mind!—
Is, "write that Cathaline is kind."

Yes, Cathaline, it shall be
As thou hast wished, I promise thee—
Should ever Fortune—faint the hope—
Her treasury of favors ope,
And prompt me by a smiling look
To tell my wanderings in a book,
My good patrona's cherished name
And kindness shall adorn the same.
Then those who love me—some there are—
Will waft thee blessings from afar;
And, "kind as Cathaline," be heard
A proverb, and a household word.

SOLDIERS' ANTICIPATIONS.

When War shall cease his work of gore,
And trumpets sound "to arms," no more—
When peace shall bless this bleeding shore,
  Delicious thought! how sweet
'Twill be, before the favoring wind,
To sail, and leave old Spain behind,
Her daughters—maids as fair to find—
  Britain and her's to greet.

Then, when sweet lips the strains prolong,
(We being the theme of many a song,)
And joy pervades the social throng,
  No more the soldier's duty
Shall bid us heed the trumpet's sound;
But those who were the foremost found
In fight, and last to leave the ground,
  Will yield their hearts to beauty.

Then will we tell them many a tale
Of snow-clad mount and vine-clad vale;
And how we bore the wintry gale,
  Starving for fire and food;
How convents, emptied of their graces,
Became at times our resting places,
And images increased the blazes—
  Lacking less holy wood.

How inner courts became our stable,
And how we spread our meagre table
Where whilom nuns in white or sable
  Were shrived by monks and friars;
How churches our storehouses were,
And corridors and porches fair,
Were desecrated by the glare
  And smoke of cooking fires.

We 'll tell them of the sports we had,
And how we kept each other glad,
When hardships else had made us sad
  In midst of sufferings felt;
And many a story shall be told
Of deeds which well became the bold;
But such as make the blood run cold,
  To stouter hearts we 'll tell.

To these we 'll show "how fields were won,"
With sword and lance and deadly gun;
How armies charged, and blood did run;
  How fell the brave; and then
About that terrible "Decree," (1)
Which doomed to death of cruelty
Such of our numbers as might be
  By Carlist ruffians ta'en.

We 'll tell them of the treacherous fiends, (2)
Rebels at heart, though called the Queen's,
Who slew by diabolic means
  Thousands of British youth:

They hid slow poison in the bread
On which our stomachs daily fed;
They were convicted and are dead—
  May Heaven have shown them ruth!

O! there are horrors dark and dread
Wherever War's red arm is bared,
Which never yet have been declared
  By any tongue, or penned
With so much accuracy, as
That man, whatever mind he has,
May more than, from their histories,
  A tithe part comprehend.

A PLAINT.

Duly as morning greets my eyes,
  I bend my pensive way
To kiss the grave where Juan lies,
  And strew with flowers the clay.
My Juan was a valiant youth,
  Nor knew his bosom guile;
His heart was warm with love and truth,
  And it was mine the while.
O! was it not a cruel part
  To take him from his bride?
They pierced my lover through the heart,
  And broke my heart beside.

And yet the English do not weep
  For me, poor ruined one:
Ah! no—their tender feelings sleep,
  Or they perhaps have none.
Their coats are red, their hearts are black,
  And hard as none can tell,
Or they would never come to break
  The peace of Ysabel.
Go home ye English strangers, go—
  Ye 've done enough, in truth;
Go home and leave me in my woe
  To mourn my hapless youth.
Go home, and tell your English maids
  What battle-fields ye won;
And how ye stained your burnished blades,
  And aimed the fearful gun.
And tell them how my love ye slew;
  And that it crazed my mind—
And tell them that I 'm dying too,
  Yes, dying—death is kind!
Then, when they sing their plaintive lays,
  And lovers' stories tell,
They 'll chide ye for your cruel ways,
  And weep for Ysabel.

A MODEST REQUEST.

(TO A BROTHER IN ARMS.)

DEAR MAC, I ha'e a word or twa
To fash ye wi', an' that is a'—
I 'm in real earnest, fac' as death ;
Ye ken I never waste my breath.
Now first o' a', I wish to tell
A fac' relatin' to mysel',
Then whisper what I heard the day
About the heap o' claes ye ha'e,
An' next I mean to speir ye sure
To gie me somethin' frae your store,
An' last to shaw ye clear as day
The why ye canna say me na'.
'Tis maist a month, my honest Mac,
Sin' ony sark was on my back!
A thing that was na muckle harm
The while the weather still keept warm ;
But now the cauld is settin' in
I'd like to ha'e ane 'bout my skin.
I ance had three, but now I 've nane,
I 'll tell ye 'bout them ilka ane—
Some neer-do-weel staw ane awa',
An' then ye ken, I had but twa ;
The next, when we were gaun to fecht,
I sauld to get a wee bit bite ;
'Tis unco hard, I need na tell ye,
To fecht a' day on empty *stomach*—

I thought gin I should chance to die
Twa sarks wad be nae use to me;
So then ye see I had but ane,
An' now, alas! that last is gane.
I 'd gie it wee bit wash an' wear it,
Some how or ither, soon I 'd tear it,
So 'twixt the washin', menin', wearin',
My bonnie sark had awfu' farin';
At last it gat so unco sma'
It scarce wad reach my waist at a',
But used to speel, an' keep about
My neck just like a wee bit clout,
Until, believe my truthfu' breath,
I wore my last auld sark to death.
What could I do as I blinkt on it,
But heeze it in a partin' sonnet?

Here lie the puir remains
O' my last bonnie sark;—
My days wi' grief are dark,
An' achin' are my banes.
An' siller I 've na mair
To buy anither sark,
To keep my shouthers' bark
Frae bein' cauld an' sair.
I may na need at a'
Anither mony days—
In some o' thae hot frays
Like ithers I may fa'.
But ne'er in life shall part
Its memory frae my heart!

Now Mac, a sodger tawld to me
That ye ha'e got as mony 's three,
So I maun shaw by logic clear
Why ye should gie me ane to wear. (1)
First then, wi' sic' a heap o' wealth
By guardin' it ye 'll lose your health,
Or thieves will fin', *I* wat it weel,
Where'er there's ony thing to steal.
Next I will show ayont a doubt
That as ye 've three, an' I 'm wi' out,
Ye 're bound to ac' for my behoof—
I name the "Gowden Rule" for proof.
But should it be that this report
Anent ye'r stock is owre wrought,
An' should ye ha'e but only twa,
Ye canna say ye'r wardrobe's *sma'*;
Ye still can gie me ane or tither,
To prove that ye're a couthie brither.
'Tis plain as day to daftest dunce
A king can't wear twa sarks at once.

I hae enough o' cotton drawers
An' socks an' shoon an' owre a's,
An' as for a' the shawy gear,
Ye ken I 'm up wi' ony here.

How little do the lasses ken
Ayont the outside shaw o' man!
When I ride past so unco braw,
Shinin' in scarlet steel an' a',

The trappins o' a light dragoon,
An' they glint on me frae aboon;
How little think thae smilin' dochters
That nae *camesa* warms my shouthers!
For gin they did they 'd gladly gie
Ane o' their ain I ken to me.

Nae wonner ye can sleep sae sound,
Though ye be lyin' on the ground,
When ye ha'e sic a guid warm shirt
To keep the cauld frae doin' ye hurt.
Last night ye lay as warm an' snug
As ony flae wi'in a rug;
Or better simile to draw
As ever grunter in the straw;
Or gin ye'd like my words genteeler,
Snug as a donkey in a cellar;
While I lay cauld, an' slept unsound,
Like a puir lambie in a pound.
To mak' the matter waur, this morn
I found my breakfast bread was gone;
I did na' ha'e a single bite,
My horse had ta'en it thro' the night.
(Ungratefu' Don! ye went to bed,
Wi' better supper than I had,
An' did na save a single straw
To satisfy the mornin's maw,
Ye ate ye're fare 'twixt sax and seven
An' woke an' stawl mine 'bout eleven).

Sae bein' cauld outside an' in,
I thought it wad be nae great sin
To speir ye for the gift, or loan
O' what I mentioned just aboon.
Say, will ye spare me ane this e'en
Till I get siller frae the Queen ?[2]
Gin ye 'll do this, my generous frien',
Then here 's my heart, an' here 's my han'.

THE MILKMAID OF HERNANI.

PRETTY milkmaid of Hernani,[1]
  Welcome with thy brimming pan ;
I might have been served by many
  Importuning maids and men,
But I would not buy of any,
  Waiting for thy shining can ;
For I love to place my penny
  In thy taper fingers—then
Fill my breakfast pitcher, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

Let me be thy dairy waiter,
  See my comrades served by me,
Heed thou not each whiskered prater,
  Let their soldier-jokes go free—
Even hadst thou tarried later
  They had waited patiently,
For thy measure's somewhat greater,
  And thy milk, we all agree,

Is by far the sweetest, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

Sit thou here awhile, and rest thee,
  Thou hast nought thou know'st to fear ;
No true soldier will molest thee,
  And we have none other here.
Since the day I first addressed thee,
  Tendering my friendly care,
Gratitude, I ween, hath pressed thee
  Thus to come a league or near ;
So thou art a favorite, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

Though a Spanish league or nearly,
  From Hernani's town are we,
Thou performest bright and early
  Thy lactiferous mission free,
Trudging through the cold dew pearly,
  And thy limbs but slender be—
O! thou must be weary, really,
  Sit thou here awhile by me,
And partake my breakfast, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

On the day we stormed thy city
  All ye quiet people fled,
Fearing ye would find no pity
  In the strangers dressed in red—
Soon returned the old and witty
  To the homes from which they 'd sped—

Slowly came the young and pretty—
  Thou with milkpail on thy head,
Asking "*Quiere Léche?*"—Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

"She is pretty beyond measure"—
  Uttered every mother's son;
One who curled a fierce mustachio
  Thought a kiss thou wouldst not shun:
Then I bought thy lacteal treasure,
  Vowing vengeance on the Hun
Who, for impudence or pleasure
  Dared offend the timid nun.
Saw I thou wert modest, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

Ay! let any dare alarm thee
  While I may be within reach,
With the rude intent to harm thee—
  I the ruffian soon would teach
He must first of all disarm me,
  By another means than speech.
Sweetest girl, who so dost charm me,
  Friendship binds us each to each.
Fill again my pitcher, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

Now the town is Isabella's,
  Garrisoned by her own men;
Carlos, who should dress a gallows,
  May retake it if he can.

We, the lancers, were the fellows
  From whose steel the rebels ran—
They were wise, for we were jealous
  Of each other's doings then,
And had vowed to conquer ,—Fanny
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

It was some time near meridian,
  When before the Venta Hill
The divisions of the Legion
  Formed up with consummate skill:
Smoke obscured the airy region,
  Bullets flew to wound or kill,
Cannon roared—yet kept the siege on,
  Till the lancers, with good will,
Galloped round to cut off, Fanny,
A retreat into Hernani.

I have been in fiercer battle,
  Yet it lasted till the night,
And there were some roar and rattle
  And some bloodshed in that fight.
To impede our fiery cattle,
  Down they cut the drawbridge quite;
What was that to men of mettle,
  Who could leap a ditch so light?
Yet awhile it checked us, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

Through the town and on the highway
  We pursued our flying foes;

Through the hedge, to hill and by-way,
  Where they could not feel our blows,
They escaped, and in a sly way
  Aimed at our advancing rows—
One brave comrade, riding my way,
  Lost an arm, and one his nose—
But we 'd gained the victory, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

Carlist maid! I am no feigner—
  Were thy faction all like thee,
Ye would win us from the Reyna,
  Carlos march to sovereignty.
Even I, an old campaigner
  In Love's service, now can see
One that is almost the gainer
  Of a heart, unconsciously.
Fair and guileless art thou, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

Good! thou "didst not love our foemen,
  But didst keep a quiet tongue"—
A quiet tongue? Why, Fanny, no man
  Would believe thou hast a lung.
Of a thousand, thou 'rt the woman!
  And thy praises shall be sung.
What would that wise King Soloman
  Say to thee? and thou so young!
Still be good and prudent, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

"*A'dios, a'dios Señor Lancero*"—
But Francesca, why such haste?
Mind—to-morrow morning—we no
Other's milk will deign to taste.
[Lovely as another Hero,
And in a word and look so chaste—
Worse were he than any Nero
Who could harm a thing so graced!]
Farewell, till to-morrow, Fanny,
Gentle milkmaid of Hernani.

THE CAPTURE OF IRUN.

(TO AN INVALIDED COMRADE.)

DEAR CHARLEY, would you like to know
How war's affairs progress in Spain?
You answer, "Yes,—and thank you too,"
Then listen to my strain.
Since, lucky fellow that you were—
You got your "Invalided" ticket,
And started home to show your scar
As merry as a cricket,
We 've had, of course, a little "fun"—
Why should it bear a name so light?
Since many a hopeful, gallant one
Returned not from the fight!

This month we took the Venta Hill,
And beat the rebel forces hollow,
Administering each day a pill
  Which Carlos had to swallow.
Hernani fell within our clutch,
Just as a ripe fruit falls in Autumn;
Awhile they stood as stiff 's a church,
  But soon of flight bethought 'em.
On every town we laid our hands
With "*Veni, vidi, vici*" ease,
As eastward marched our armed bands
  Towards the Pyrenees.
It was a glorious sight to see
Ten thousand martial forms, or more,
Comprising foot, artillery,
  And your own lancer-*corps*,
Press boldly forward, deigning not
To note the scouts on every hill
Who greeted us with many a shot,
  And "*Viva Carlos*," still.
One town was somewhat obstinate—
Of course we wished not to distress 'em;
At length the ladies oped the gate,
  And welcomed us—Heaven bless 'em!
By order, though not needed there,
We looked on everything as sacred;
Far more than if a prelate's prayer
  The place had consecrated.
At some time in the afternoon
We discontinued to advance,

And formed before the bold Irun,
  Close to the skirts of France.
At once our stout artillery
Attacked the haughty fort Del Parque;
The foe responded gallantly;
  The firing ceased at dark.
All night we rested under arms,
But soon as morning fairly broke,
Again the air with war's alarms
  Was rent, and filled with smoke.
It broke not an unclouded morn,
'Twas clear and dull, by starts and fits;
At length the glorious sun outshone—
  Our "sun of Austerlitz."
Now hotly, fiercely raged the fight,
Cannon and muskets spat their wrath,
And deeds of daring met the sight,
  And death was on the path.
Our infantry and riflemen
And Chapelgorris bold and boon,
Prest bravely on, the fame to gain
  Of entering first Irun.
But Carlos had good soldiers there
As e'er faced death or aimed a gun,
And this was proved at cost too dear
  Before the prize was won.
For many a gallant form lay dead
Before the gate of that fierce town,
Shot through the breaches they had made
  In seeking for renown.

Still prest the bold besiegers on
Over the dead, and dying wounded,
Till silenced were both fort and town
  And "victory" resounded.
O! what a scene that place revealed—
The streets within were soaked in blood,
And lay the bodies of the killed
  About like logs of wood.
A drizzling rain was falling then,
Washing the gore from those asleep;
It seemed as if the deeds of men
  Had made the angels weep.
And yet, amid that horrid scene
My risibles I scarce could check,
As useless plunder bore our men
  Along on head and back.
One donned a General's waving plume,
And one a lady's veil so fine,
Another lugged a bunch of brooms,
  A fourth a pail of wine.
Great clemency our General showed
To those rebellious, outlawed bands; [1]
How quickly would our blood have flowed
  Had we been in their hands!
Yet, mad with victory, some there were
Did wreak their vengeance; [2] saw I then
Three pallid captives butchered there
  By fiends in form of men.
Yet Heaven be thanked, who gave me nerve
'Gainst those who demons-like behaved

To strive, and not from duty swerve,
  Till the fourth wretch was saved.
Forgive this boasting—if 'tis such—
Since nought beside beneath the sun
Can satisfaction yield, as much
  As this one act hath done.
Next, Feunterabia had to fall,
And our artillery elated
Would soon have breached its frowning wall—
  But it capitulated.
The next day twenty knights o' the lance,
Equipped in all our martial gear,
Rode o'er to show the sons of France
  Our *presence militaire.*
They 'd witnessed from their Gallic banks
Across the fair Bidassoa's wave,
The battle's din, and storming ranks—
  And shouted for the brave.
Soon we returned to this good town,
And in the castle huge and strong
We placed our prisoners, safe and sound—
  And so I end my song,
All but one verse—which I will add
To show you how I long again
Upon some peaceful spot to tread,
  Which can't be found in Spain.

FAREWELL TO SPAIN.

Adieu to the land of the olive and vine,
  Adieu to the land of the brave,
Where the blessings of heaven so unimproved shine;
  Adieu to the land of the knave,
  The priest—and his well-ridden slave.

Adieu to the land of the friar and nun,
  The dupe and fanatical fool;
Where civil dissensions unceasingly run;
  Adieu to a bigoted school,
  To the ill-fated land of misrule.

Adieu to the country of mountain and stream,
  Displaying most picturesque charms;
Adieu to the land where the brightest eyes beam;
  Adieu to the battle's alarms,
  And eke to my brothers in arms!

O Spain! though thou boastest an ancient renown,
  How fallen and sad is thy lot!
What nation now values thy smile or thy frown?
  Thou 'rt hasting, art hasting to—what?
  Thy ruin!—a blank or a blot!

And whence is thy retrograde, Land of the Cid?
  Why art thou not happy and free?
Stand up and look round with an uplifted lid—
  Be honest, and we shall agree
  On the cause of declension in thee.

When thou wast the realm of the first Isabel,
  The nations were bondmen like thee,
And mind was enthralled by a net-work—a spell,
  Till Luther and Calvin and he,
  The trumpet-toned Knox, bade it flee.

But thou wouldst not share in the blessing, we find,
  Which God through his instruments gave,
So thou art still ignorant, bigoted, blind,
  And every foul passion 's a wave
  Which hurries thee on to thy grave.

But those that no longer would stoop to the thrall,
  Even those that its power curtailed,
Have marched on to greatness and prominence all,
  And learning and science are hailed
  In their midst—while thou art empaled.

Yes, onward they march in their steady career
  Of glory and virtue and fame—
The arts and the sciences cherished with care—
  And leave thee behind to thy shame,
  And know thee alone by thy name.

And thou hast Supineness, and Rapine, and Lust,
  The children which Ignorance breeds;
Superstition and Jealousy grind thee to dust—
  Then why not away with the creeds
  Which foster such passions and deeds?

Spain, Italy, Portugal, what are ye now
  But the slaves of a priest-woven gyve?
Can ye lift up the head with a glorified brow?
  Ye are languishing, scarcely alive—
  Yet struggle, arise ye and thrive.

O! would ye could rise from your pitiable swoon,
  And put the dark tyrant to flight,
And hail a pure faith, that hath life for a boon!
  Soon Order would chase off the blight,
  And genius advance ye to light.

Farewell to thee, Spain! I have fought on thy fields,
  I have suffered both hunger and thirst,
And every sad hardship the war-spirit yields,
  For the cause I esteemed the most just,
  Or at least, which I deemed not the worst.

Farewell to thee, Spain! in my bosom I' ll bear
  A mixed recollection, yet true,
Of the evils and pleasures, the kindness and cheer,
  Which fortune promiscuously threw
  In my path—Spain, forever adieu!

A QUIET MOMENT.

The chambers of my heart
  Have semblances for me
  Which thence shall never flee
Till life itself depart.

The loving and the loved,
  The gentle and the true—
  Their blessed smiles I view
As if I ne'er had roved.

There are who question, why
  I love to sit apart,
  Nor join with willing heart
Their free hilarity?

The bliss my musing brings
  Is better than their joy,
  And sweet without alloy
Are my imaginings.

For oft I seem to hear
  The voices of dear friends
  Arise, from distant lands,
To heaven, for me, in prayer!

VALEDICTION OF THE 1ST LANCERS,

ON LEAVING SPAIN.

FROM thy battle-stained scenes, O unhappy Hispania! [a]
Proud, chivalrous land, so renowned erst awhile;
The Lancers return, to the shores of Britannia,
The home of their hearts, and their dear native isle.

Brave land of Romance, and heroic Tradition!
Though now but the ruin of what thou once wast—
Our hearts, while they pity thy present condition,
Look back to the glory and fame of thy past.

When lately sore tossed by internal commotion,
And Carlos at absolute sovereignty aimed,
Thy appeal to our friendship was heard o'er the ocean;
Our hearts soon responded—our breasts were inflamed.

It was Liberty's voice calling loud for protection—
For aid, to repel the Pretender's vile thrust;
We came at her cry, and the blood-thirsty faction
Have found in us foes to be feared from the first.

There is joy in our hearts, as companions and brothers,
When we feel that we shrank not from danger and death;

There is grief in our hearts at the absence of others
  Whose gallant devotion but ceased with their breath.

Yes, we grieve when we look on our numbers diminished
  By all the concomitant evils of war;
But most when we think that the strife is not finished
  Which caused us to leave our fair homesteads afar.

May the Rebel soon have to bend low in submission,
  And crave for that mercy he never once gave!
Or fly for his life from his starving division,
  Or find in the field of Rebellion, a grave!

May Order then smile from her beautiful palace,
  Distributing justice with diligent hands,
And the toast be then pledged over memory's chalice,
  —"*La Legion Britanica!*"—Liberty's friends.

May Spain, then, in gratitude, sound the meet praises
  Of those who have fought in her warfare and bled!
Her daughters *will* bless us—each bosom *now* raises
  A prayer for us living, a sigh for our dead.

Now huzza for the land of our dear destination,
  And huzza for the friends who impatiently wait
To welcome our coming, and list our relation!
  —We 'll keep up the banquet of bliss till it 's late.

Then a toast shall be drunk as we rise for adjourning,
The truest and purest our bosoms contain—
"Here is glory and health, and a speedy returning
To the Legion's brave sons who still battle in Spain!"

THE DEMON-MAN.

The waves were at rest, and all motionless lay
A lone gallant bark on the Biscayan bay;
Not a breath stirred the air, yet it was not serene,
And a dismal horizon encompassed the scene,
While a haze, hardly pierced by the brazen-hued sun,
Hid the firmament's face with its curtain of dun.
'Twas a terrible calm—such as evil portends
On seas where the Hurricane Spirit descends,
And death and destruction remorselessly flings,
As he howls o'er the helpless, and flaps his dark wings.

'Twas a terrible calm, and the bravest heart thought
That the elements somewhere in secrecy wrought,
To forge their munitions and generate wrath
For a fearful descent on the mariner's path—
Yet, came not the storm—they but ceased from their mirth,
Shrinking back in disgust from a demon of earth.

The Demon-man stood on the deck of that bark,
With eye full of frenzy and brow down and dark,

While his thin livid face bore the marks of despair
And remorse, for the deeds of a guilty career.
—With a tightly-clenched fist, and a dirk on his hip,
Stood the Demon-man forth 'midst the crew of that
ship.

"I must tell the foul secret that tortures my soul!"
Cried the wretch, with emotions he could not control,
"I am forced to declare it; yet full well I know
That my doom 'twill not alter—my future is woe!

"As lovely and bright as the young blushing rose,
When beneath the first kiss of a sun-beam it glows;
As pure as the dew-drop and sweet as the morn
Was the 'Flower of Irene,' whom I slew in my scorn.

"I saw her, and vowed I would woo her and win,
But my love was a shoot from the hot-bed of sin—
I gained her young heart by the arts I had learned,
But the serpent kept coiled in my breast undiscerned;
For I knew I should fail in my ruthless design
If I let but one glittering fold of him shine.

"A surplice I hired of a half-drunken priest,
Then I bribed a low villain, with gold in his fist,
To read from a book—so she gave me her hand,
And vowed, in her innocence, love to a fiend.

"Was I likely to cherish and love the fond one
I had vilely secured for my lust, and undone?
—Oft I left her to pine in herweakness and fear,
And never spoke kindly, her bosom to cheer;

And I hoped, as the day of her trial drew nigh,
That mother and infant together might die.

"The last night I entered her lonely retreat,
(I had quaffed from the wine-cup, and high my pulse beat,)
She flew to my breast in her love as of yore,
But I spurned her, and bade her attempt it no more.

"'O! why this unkindness?' she meekly replied,
'Come see our dear babes, as they sleep side by side—
The *father* will be a sweet fount in thy life,
And thou wilt not spurn *me*—their mother—thy wife!'

"'Ha, ha!' was my answer, 'thy babes are base born,
And thou art no wife, but a creature for scorn;
A sham was that marriage—nor priesthood nor law
Was there, but a villain, who bound us with straw.'

"O! would I might flee from that look of amaze!
Her soul in its purity shone in that gaze—
By day and by night it is haunting me still,
And I feel, through the years of eternity, will.

"Overawed by that look, to the bed-side I crept,
While she caught up the babes that unconsciously slept:
—She sank on the floor, and I heard her last prayer,
As it soared to the sky to be registered there.

—'O merciful God! may I soon be at rest
With these innocent ones, in the land of the blest!'

"I dreamed that before a tribunal I stood,
To be tried by the law for poor Violet's blood—
That her infants deposed, while the judges gave heed,
And that I was sentenced to hang for the deed.

"'Twas a terrible dream—all of dungeons and death;
I woke up and struggled for freedom and breath—
When the moon's beam displayed to my agonized view
That a portion, at least, of my vision was true;
—For there lay poor Violet dead on the floor!
While the babes she had borne me a fortnight before
Were weeping in vain for the milk of that breast
To which, in her icy embrace, they were prest.

"I was frenzied—my brain swam with thoughts wild and strange,
And I swore I would rid them of life and revenge;
So clutched with my fingers the throat of one twin
Till it died in the grasp of a monster of sin;
Then I laid on her bosom that breathless child's corse,
And the living one caught up, and shook it with force,
Till the fiend-father saw he'd made meet for the tomb
The innocent babes of dead Violet's womb.

"From a window I leaped, with mad blood in my veins;
How strange that the earth was not strewed with my brains!

And I flew for my life, seeking refuge and rest—
Vain search for a wretch having hell in his breast!

"I fled to an infamous hovel, the hold
Of the villain who acted the priest for my gold;
He was there, and seemed willing to hide me away,
But I feared him, and slew him, lest he should betray.

"The blood-hounds of justice were soon on my track,
But I swore that I never would hang by the neck,
For the death which I vowed should be mine from the first
Is the one which is meet for a wretch so accursed.
To the sea-side I came, and one night in the dark
A demon-man stealthily entered your bark."

He unsheathed a dagger whose handle was gold—
"I have keep thee," said he, "till my tale should be told:
Now the moment has come, and thy service I claim,
Thou brave bit of steel from Toledo that came."
For an instant it dazzled the eye with its sheen,
In another, its jewelled hilt only was seen—
For the blade, in the depths of his bosom was jammed,
And the suicide's spirit had fled, and was ———.

SONG.

Britain's sons, and Britain's daughters
  Are unrivalled in the world.
In the field or on the waters,
  When the blood-red Flag 's unfurled,
Britain's sons have matchless valor—
  "Queen and Country!" is their cry,
And her soldier and her sailor
  Fight to conquer—or they die.
Thus the foes of gallant Britain
By her warlike sons are smitten.

Britain's sons and Britain's daughters
  Are unrivalled everywhere.
What's the country—where its borders—
That may boast such maidens fair?
Those, with valor for their birthright,
  These, with truth and beauty graced,
Bear the palm; and well the earth might
  Envy Britain so much blest.
Thus the friends of lovely Britain
By her daughters' charms are smitten.

THE MINSTREL.

A MINSTREL, sore weary with travel and war,
Had returned to his Lady-love's bower—
With sword and guitar he had come from afar,
From the ruins of Ascalon's tower.

His heart was impatient to tell her its truth,
His arms to encircle the maid,
Yet she came not—"Alas!" said the warrior-youth,
"Is my constancy thus to be paid?

"Can it be that a richer than Ivan hath gained
The heart I thought only my own,
Can it be that she urged me to Palestine's land
That a rival might woo her alone?

"O! ne'er can it be that a being so fair
Is the smiling apostate of love,
She ne'er could be false; I will touch my guitar—
'Twill remind my immaculate dove.

"Lady, to thy bower repair
Sweet as when I saw thee last;
Thou didst vow to meet me here
At the sun-set hour—'tis past.
Thou did'st bid me seek the fight,
Meet the Saracen in war,
Or thou would'st not wed the knight
Only of a light guitar.

"Lady, thou didst vow to be
Ever constant as the dove;
Thou didst vow to pray for me
With the fervency of love.
Come, that I may tell thee all,
All that I have done for thee,
How I fought by Salem's wall,
—Heavens! is she false to me?

"Changed affection this bespeaks,
Nought beside can hindrance be;
Health is blooming on thy cheeks,
Or thy page belieth thee.

"Farewell, false one, never more
Woman's wiles my heart shall lure,
This guitar shall silent be
But on woman's perfidy.
Sick, and weary now of life,
Back I'll hasten to the strife,
Rushing to the thickest fray
To be slain or fierce to slay."

Woman, constant though she be,
Will in playful tricks delight—
Leonore could hear and see
All the while her faithful knight.
Well for those who wound a heart
If they can the balm impart—
In another breath his bride
Prest the warrior-poet's side.

Seek ye more, ye curious elves?
—Listening is a sin abhorrent;
Lovers left unto themselves
Are the better pleased, I warrant.

IMPROMPTU.

When dukes and lords are tyrant "rods,"
Tools, knaves, or silly thinkers,
I would deride their haughty pride
Yet reverence honest tinkers.
E'en queens and kings are paltry things
Unless they dignify their station,
Like her we own—our hearts her throne—
Victoria of our nation.

CURIOSITY PUNISHED.

(A WELSH STORY.)

In that mountainous country, St. David's own land,
Where the "leek" is worn once every year,
And they feast, march and dance on that holiday grand,
And sing of Llewellyn's invincible band
When Edward of England went there—

That country where women wear hats like the men
  And the tales are told o'er and o'er
Of ghosts to the Red Sea sent straight from the glen,
And of shields and escutcheons and pedigrees then
  Most faithfully traced back to Noah—

In that land so romantic and picturesque too,
  There is ever a charm for the eye,
A mound or a ruin still fastens your view,
And the mountaineers swear their traditions are true
  As they tell you of ages gone by.

Men are fond of the marvellous, few more than I,
  So delighted I listened to all
The tales that were told me by man, maid and boy;
But that which most pleased me of any, I 'll try
  For the good of the Fair, to recall.

"A long time ago, sir—no matter how long"—
  Said 'mine host' of the "David and Leek"—
"A stranger came hither and settled among
The forefathers of those who my fireside throng—
  'Tis as true as you're here—what I speak"—

Here the statement was proved by full many a mouth,
  Each wight from his father received it,
His father's great-grandfather heard it forsooth,
And so it came down an immaculate truth;
  'Twas enough—so I bowed and believed it.

"And he built him a house, sir," resumed Taffy Jones,
An odd one, the ruin may tell,
It was formed, we are told, of rough sticks and huge stones
Which he brought from the glen, with the mouldering bones
Of an army that long ago fell.

'Twas but seldom he spake, and he never did smile,
His eyes were far sunk in his head,
He whistled at times, but the tune all the while
Was as doleful to hear as the wind on the tile
When it blows through the chinks it has made.

He was tall, and as straight as a barber's sign post,
His face like a spectre's was made,—
Some applied to the priest, who had made it a boast
He could banish afar any runaway ghost;
But the priest when he came was afraid.

He dwelt by himself—and no wonder at that,
For who would rest under a shed
With a goblin like him who cared never to chat
With anything living, but every night met
And communed with the ghosts of the dead?

Nor in summer nor winter, for rain or for cold
Ever once he omitted his jaunts;
He was in through the day like the owl we are told,
But at eve sallied forth from his infamous hold
With a skull in his hands to his haunts.

Curiosity dwelt in the lady Eve's breast,
  In the hearts of her daughters 'tis bound—
'Tis a pity indeed, and wise men have confessed
That where woman is met or enslaved or caressed
  Curiosity 's sure to be found.

If a neighbor just stepped to the next neighbor's door
  The mysterious stranger was named;
The maid of thirteen and the wife of three score,
Each could tell what the others had ne'er heard before,
  And a thousand conjectures were framed.

When the women bestir them, what can they not do?
  So they vowed to discover the truth,
And that, ere young Luna her course had run through,
They would bring secret matters to every one's view,
  If it caused them their ruin forsooth.

They said it—and nothing more truly was said,
  For their prying brought ruin, in sooth;
Of the seven fair maids who the promise had made
To search through his house, but one fortunate jade
  E'er returned to the home of her youth.

'Twas the year's seventh month, and the month's seventh night,
  And the seventh night, too, of the week,
And the seventh night eke, of the young moon's light,
When the seven fair damsels so bold and so bright
  Sallied forth, the fiend's dwelling to seek.

Well—the old necromancer was off on his tour,
For the said hour of seven was gone ;
So they lifted the latch and they entered the door,
They explored every room, and they trod every floor,
Each object long gazing upon.

But one had her fears, though she could not tell why,
So she entered not one little room—
While the rest, with more nerve, passed the timid one by,
And fearlessly entered to peep and to pry,
Which sealed their most horrible doom.

Huge tomes they beheld writ in characters strange,
And scrolls old as Snowden's own head ;
All these in a trice they did gladly exchange
For a Welch letter'd parchment which met their eyes' range,
Dreaming not of the consequence sad.

Since in the Welch letter 't was easy to read,
Yet the language not one of them knew ;
It was written with blood—all with blood it is said—
And a sulphury scent was inhaled by each maid
Of that brave, but unfortunate crew.

O ! shocking to tell, 'twas a foul incantation,
No matter for what or for whom,
No language can give a just representation
Of half their remorse, and too late trepidation
When a spectre appeared in the room.

"What want you of me?" asked the horrible fiend—
And his eyes were like torches of fire—
"What want you of me?" and he yelled and he grinned,
And he laughed at the maids who had terribly sinned,
And laughing, drew nigher and nigher.

"What want you of me?" in a voice like the storm's,
Asked the wretch, as still closer he drew—
The maidens then swooned, and he wrapt his long arms
With the force of a vice round their delicate forms,
And swift up the chimney he flew.

Now the nymph who objected to enter the place
Where kept the magician his books,
Through the crevices there had been able to trace
All that passed, from the first, to the loathsome embrace
Of the wretch of demonian looks.

The damsel soon died, and the structure fell prone—
Nought is left but the old chimney flue;
The story is credited all through the town,
Our forefathers, honest men, handed it down,
As now, sir, I give it to you."

THE CUCKOO.

To-day while journeying on the road,
  Which skirts the proud Helvelly n's base,
I paused a moment, not, I ween,
  The landscape's lineaments to trace,
But just to rest my weary limbs,
  For many a league on that highway
I 'd come, with spirits so depressed—
  O, I was very sad to day.

I may not tell the heartless throng
  The grief which thus oppressed me there;
Or breathe it in a plaintive song
  Which, save the minstrel, none will hear.
Lie hidden in your silent deeps
  Ye sorrows, which my breast have claimed;
When happier tenants drive ye thence,
  Be ye remembered, though not named.

"Let dusky hill on hill arise,
  Let valleys stretch in smiling green,
Let frowning mountains cleave the skies,
  And shining rivers roll between;
Or let a rude and sterile waste
  Exhibit not a flower or weed,—
Alike they fail to move the breast
  That 's very, very sad indeed."

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Thus mused I when a voice I heard,
  A charming voice, and not ideal,
As oft my fancy bids me hear—
  But it was actual, 'twas real.
It came not downward from the sky,
  It was not far, it was not near,
It came not from the hill or plain,
  It seemed to come from everywhere.

'Twas like the charming voice of Hope
  Breathing soft music o'er the waste;
It clothed the scene in pleasing guise,
  And my own desolation chased.
Hope, darling Hope! without thy light
  To cheer the wanderer on his way,
Worse than Cimmerian darkness, night,
  Would close around his moral day.

It was the lovely voice of Spring—
  I looked above, below, askance,
For as its place seemed everywhere,
  I sought it everywhere at once.
Delightful sight to one forlorn!
  It chased away my every pang—
For near me on a leafless thorn
  Sat the dear bird that sweetly sang.

That cuckoo form and cuckoo lay
  Were balm and music to the wild;
For Nature, sad at Spring's delay,
  Hailed with delight her tuneful child.

That leafless thorn will soon put on
  Its robe of verdure, buds and flowers,
So will my heart, its counterpart,
  Be happier in approaching hours.

I 'll ever love thee, charming bird,
  The first to cheer me in distress,
The first to bid young Hope revive
  Within my bosom's wilderness.
I hitched my bundle on my staff,
  And shouldered it, so gay and light—
My limbs had lost their weariness,
  And I am far from sad to-night.

THE WANDERER'S HYMN.

Father above! great source of Love!
  Thee would I magnify;
Though weak my lays, accept my praise,
  And lift my thoughts on high.
The thunder's boom and fierce simoom
  Proclaim Thy awful might;
The wandering sphere and fixed declare
  Thy wisdom Infinite.

In every flower on Nature's bower
  Thy glory I can see,
The joyous note from wild bird's throat
  Is but a hymn to Thee.

The whispering gales which fan the vales,
  The brook's soft murmuring lays,
And tinkling wave where sunbeams lave
  Are music to Thy praise.

O! bid my heart Thy praise impart
  For blessings first conferred—
For parents dear, who love and fear
  Thy holy name and Word:
That I was born a land upon
  Where Christian light and truth
So sweetly shine—the boons divine
  Alike to Age and Youth.

Though far from home, 'tis mine to roam
  Mid strangers and unknown,
With morning skies and evening dyes,
  Thy providence is shown.
When cold and wet, and waves beset
  My bark to overwhelm,
The "Peace, be still!" of Thy kind will,
  Has calmed the watery realm.

When hunger, too, with staring view,
  And choking thirst gave pain,
Thy bounteous hand did succor send,
  The heavens did spill their rain.
When in the arms of war's alarms,
  And battle's victims lay
Scattered around the crimson ground,
  Amid the bloody fray,

Thy goodness there, Thy wondrous care,
  Preserved me from all harm,
And left me still life's page to fill—
  How potent is Thy arm!
When by the vile assassin's wile,
  I lay pronounced for death,
Amid the throng that breathed ere long
  On earth their latest breath,

Despite the bane, to life again,
  And health Thou didst me raise,
In mercy sweet, didst spare me yet
  In midst of sinful days.
If there be one beneath the sun
  With more than common cause
To sing Thy praise in grateful lays,
  'Tis I should yield the applause.

Long as I stay my arduous way
  And tread the stranger's shore,
May all I glean from each fresh scene
  Constrain to love Thee more.
Father above! Great Fount of Love!
  On Thee let me rely
For daily food and comforts good,
  And grace to live or die!

SCOTLAND.

SCOTLAND, land of Smith and Chalmers,
Land of Wilson, Burns, and Scott—
For such geniuses and charmers,
Where 's the heart that loves thee not?

Land of Douglas, Bruce and Wallace,
Each a volume of thy fame;
Cold, indeed, that heart is—all ice,
That glows not at Scotland's name.

Land of Covenanter-Martyrs,
Bible-Christians, firm as rocks;
Only bigots, Turks and Tartars,
Prize thee not for them—and Knox,

Land of worthies, great and many,
Heroes for High Heaven's work;
Where 's the nation—is there any
Bolder for their Queen and Kirk?

Land of castle, loch, and mountain,
Linked with story brave and grey,—
Land of heather, cave and fountain,
Where the Muses love to stray—

Oft I 've sought in flight ideal
  Scenes renowned by minstrel's lays—
Now I view the prospects real,
  Treading on thy banks and braes.

Could I ply the poet's duty
  As I wield the rhymer's pen,
How I 'd paint the forms of beauty
  Haunting every silent glen.

Yet in humble rhyme, sincerely
  Dictated by a true heart,
I will own I love thee dearly,
  For thy past,—and what thou art,

Hospitable, cordial-hearted—
  Wheresoe'er my footsteps fall,
When the cottage cake is parted,
  Or when viands crowd the hall.

Thus will I thy kindness blazon
  With at least a feeling warm;
While my bosom's diapason
  Inly sounds thy every charm.

ALIE O' THE CLYDE.

The snaw had left the banks o' Clyde,
  An' awfu' winter's breath
Nae mair congealed the bonnie tide,
  Or drifted owre the heath :
An' winsome birds were singin' sweet,
  An' gowans bloomed in pride,
When strayin' ance, I chanced to meet
  Sweet Alie o' the Clyde.

I ken'd she was the grace o' Clyde,
  For ilka wild flower there
Looked gay, an' she'd mair sweets beside,
  To welcome ane mair fair.
An' ilka little wave o' bliss
  That sported on the tide,
Methought wad fain leap up an' kiss
  Sweet Alie o' the Clyde.

I ken'd she was the grace o' Clyde—
  Ilk little bird began
A sweeter sang when her they spied
  Come trippin' owre the plain.
An' mony a little snaw-white lamb
  Played at the lassie's side,
For she was innocent like them—
  Sweet Alie o' the Clyde!

I ken nae river fair as Clyde,
  An' mony I ha'e seen;
Nae lass mair fair in this warl wide
  Than Alie to mine een.
She was nae owre coy at a',
  Though modest as a bride;
An' ilka word was music frae
  Sweet Alie o' the Clyde.

Nae wonder she could stray by Clyde,
  Or any place alane,
For she was ane wha a' defied
  Wi' sweetness a' her ain.
An' were a hundre' ruffians there
  Wi' glentin' swords by side,
I wadna fear them, ane nor a',
  For Alie o' the Clyde.

An' as alang the banks o' Clyde
  We twa thegither strayed,
She pued a sweet flower frae her side
  An' gied the unco lad.
We parted—'tis the wanderer's fate
  Nae long wi' friends to bide;
But life maun cease ere I forget
  Sweet Alie o' the Clyde.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

(WRITTEN AT SEA, BY MOONLIGHT.)

HAIL, royal lady, up aloft,
With cheek so round, and smile so soft,
Victoria, Christiana—
Or if it please thee, regal dame,
Some ancient *sobriquet* to claim,
I 'll style thee Cynthia by name,
Or Luna, or Diana.

Thou seem'st indeed, with curious eye,
Contemplating us passing by,
Astonished at our haste—
Nor wonder we; thou ne'er hast seen,
Since thou began'st to play the Queen,
A nobler, fleeter bark, I ween,
On Ocean's trackless waste.

No regent! since the glorious day
That Jason's frigate bent her way
From Colches with the "golden fleece,"
There never bounded o'er the seas,
'Tween this and the antipodes,
Unless by steam as well as breeze
A fleeter bark than this.

Æolus, with propitious gales,
Continue thus to fill our sails—
Let only playful wavelets stir
Their native element, as now
They rise and kiss the graceful prow;
Sea-nymphs, admire; let Triton blow
His shell, and laud the "Treasurer."

These are not mythologic days,
Else would I swell my moonlight lays
With deities of the brine;
I'd pluck the Argo from her sphere,
And place a nobler model there,—
The "Treasurer," so fleet and fair,
Should give the Zodiac a sign.

Hie on, my bark, divide the spray;
Still gallantly betake thy way,
And bear us o'er the tide;
I see thy watchful captain pace
Thy deck with pleasure in his face,
And eyes of admiration trace
Thy symmetry—his pride.

What constitutes the sailor's ken,
Hutchings, is thine, bold young seaman;
Thy mates deserve thy trust—
And each expert and willing tar
That climbs the tall and graceful spar,
Or mans the wheel, or wields the bar,
Is worthy of thy boast.

'Tis sweet to know each traversed mile
Lessens our distance from yon Isle,
Bermuda's flowery land—
Each heart on board is big with joy,
And hopes the happy hour draws nigh
To meet the smiling, beaming eye
Of many an anxious friend.

"Eight bells!" 'tis time I seek my sleep,—
The breeze is fair, and smooth the deep;
Horizon 's clear before us,
Astern, on either beam, 'tis bright:
Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy light!
My eyelids wink—Good night, "Good night!"
Kind Heaven, be gracious o'er us! [1]

LINES WRITTEN IN A CALM.

Ho! Æolus, arise, arise,
And ope thy fabled caves—
Let Boreas flap his wings, and break
The slumber of the waves.
The dolphin drags his languid frame,
The sea-bird feebly flies,
And the sun's fierce meridian flame
Saps our own energies.

Ho! Boreas, plume thy wings for flight,
  And leave thy fabled caves,
And stir the blue and burning deep
  Till rise the crested waves.
Thou wilt not waste thy grateful breath
  On ocean's fairest bride—
Our bark is swift, and we would try
  Thy fleetness on the tide.

Joy, joy! he hath some courage left,
  Our challenge tempts him forth—
For lo! his cloudy chariot looms,
  It cometh from the North.
His breath is dimpling o'er the sea,
  It kisseth every sail—
Despair ye Tritons on the lee,
  Our race is with the gale.

"LAND HO!"

Hail, beauteous land, which I love still,
My native Isle!—whose cedar hill
Inspires me with a pleasure-thrill—
  Long have I roved
Like some wild bird on pinion free,
Amid strange scenes on land and sea;
O! may I yet be worthy thee
  And those beloved!

* * * * *

There every floral spirit hovers
On wings perfumed with vernal showers,
And wild birds flit among the bowers
With plumage bright;
There coral wreaths of richest dye
Beneath pellucid waters lie,
And brilliant fish go gliding by
On fins of light.

There gentle Ariel made his cell
Within a cowslip's dewy bell,
Whence his unearthly music's swell
Beguiled the throng—
There Waller's muse delighted strayed
Through every blooming lemon shade,
And Moore to Nea's beauty paid
His tribute—song.

What fair associations rise,
What scenes familiar greet my eyes,
As on our weary vessel hies
To her snug rest!
The port is gained; and I once more
Tread firmly on my native shore,
And hasten to my father's door
With anxious breast.

I knock—the door wide open flies,
And to my questions come replies,

Yet none who see me recognize
  The long lost one :
A moment—and my voice, my face,
My mother knows ; she finds their trace
Within her heart—her treasure-place ;
  —"My son, my son !"

L' ENVOI.

"Go, little Book, from this my solitude,
  I cast thee on the waters :—go thy ways !" (1)
[So men cast grain on Egypt's swollen flood,
  And hail the harvest after many days.]
Thus sang the Bard, as seeds of thought he strewed,
  And strewed in faith. What seek I from *these* lays ?

One little joy, my Book, which will be sweet,
  Since higher hope may enter not my breast—
That in thy midst one floweret fair may greet
  The friendly eye, and be awhile caressed ;
One gentle flower for each friend's fancy meet—
  Thus blessing, thou wilt not be all unblest.

But should'st thou ever chance, my little Book,
  To meet the Critic with his upraised mace,

Shrink if thou cans't away from his stern look,
Or own thy foibles, and entreat his grace:—
Say these are *drops* which oozed from the warm nook
Of a fond heart, in youth's delirious race.

NOTES.

[THE foregoing Trifles require notes, though they may not deserve any. In preparing them for the press, the Author has merely corrected their more prominent blemishes, trusting that the circumstances under which they were written so many years ago will form a sufficient apology for minor defects. He has added a few stanzas to some of the pieces, while a very large number he has considerably abridged. Several of his compositions, hinted at in the PREAMBLE, he has for various reasons withheld.]

PREAMBLE.—This piece, excepting a few lines, was not composed for this book. (1) There is no reference here to Bermuda. (2) The author carried his papers under his vest. (4) Some of these Trifles occasionally appeared in newspapers, either anonymously, or with the author's initials, or some fictitious name appended.

BERMUDA.—(1) This piece has undergone many alterations—it is hoped, improvements—since it was first written. (2) Prince E. Island—where also "OUR COTTAGE FIRESIDE," and "SPRING," were composed. (3) The author had read some libellous verses on Bermuda.

MOUNT VERNON.—(1) This piece consisted of ten stanzas when published in Alexandria, Va., in 1833.

THE TWO SHIPS.—(1) It was near the Cape de Verde Islands. (2) A large Dutch transport with troops—bound, probably, to Batavia.

ON VISITING BURNS' COTTAGE.—(1) This piece was published in Bermuda previous to the author's return. Several of the stanzas have been recast.

WAR THOUGHTS.—(1) An Act passed the English Parliament in 1835, authorizing the formation of a British Legion for the purpose of assisting the young Queen Isabella II. of Spain, or rather her mother Queen Christina, the Regent, to suppress a rebellion headed by Don Carlos, who claimed the throne of that kingdom. The author joined the 1st Lancers. This piece, when first written, contained nine stanzas.

SOLDIERS' ANTICIPATIONS.—(1) A Decree published at Durango, by Don Carlos, which legalized the putting to death, in the most cruel manner, of any foreigners found bearing arms against him—and without trial. (2) The bakers who supplied the Legion with bread at Vittoria—they were publicly *garoted.*

A MODEST REQUEST.—(1) The reader will, perhaps, be pleased to learn that the application was crowned with success; and that the author was afterwards in circumstances to confer a similar favor. (2) The Queen of Spain.

THE MILKMAID OF HERNANI.—(1) The reader will not, of course, suppose that the author addressed a peasant girl of Biscay in English verse. A smattering of Spanish served his purpose on this, as on other occasions.

THE CAPTURE OF IRUN.—(1) General Evans was brave as a lion; and generous and forbearing towards the enemy, often to a fault. To his two years' experience in Spain as Commander of the British Legion, is to be attributed the superior generalship which he displayed in the late war in the Crimea. (2) The excitement on entering a town which has just been taken by storm is always intense. A few of the legionaries, assisted by some Christino soldiers, in their rage perpetrated the foul deeds stated. The poor fellow who escaped their fury was one of four whom they had dragged from some hiding-place. The author believes that no others within the place suffered violence. The inhabitants were treated kindly, and the garrison with the respect due to their heroic valor.

VALEDICTION OF THE 1ST LANCERS.—(1) Written on board the vessel which conveyed the lancers to England after the expiration of their two years' term of service.

WANDERER'S HYMN.—(1) Composed during a journey on foot from Liverpool to Warrington, England, and sent home two years before the author's return.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—(1) Published in the "*Bermudian*" newspaper, in 1840.

L' ENVOI.—(1) Southey.

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